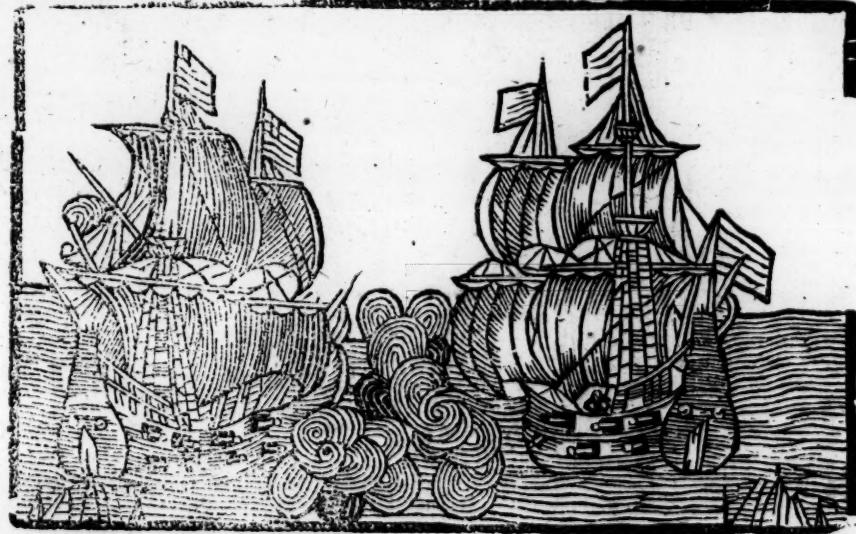


NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY  
A True Relation of a Brisk and Bloody Encounter which happened upon the 13th. of February, between the Tyger Frigot, Captain Harman, Commander, and the Schaberles of Holland, Vice-Admiral of Young Evertson's Squadron, Pasqual De Wit Captain, near Cadiz in Spain: Where the said De Wit, to Vindicate his Honour (being suspected of Cowardise by the Spaniards, for quiting his Station upon the Tyger's approach) Challenged Captain Harman to Fight the next day: And having double Man'd his Ship, the Number being 270 Men, came up with the Tyger, who had but a 180 Men on Board, within a League of Cadiz Bay, within the View of all the Inhabitants. These two Ships being come within half Pistol shot one of another, Fired their Broad-sides, where the Tyger did such Execution, that he Disabled their Adversaries Top-mast-Yard, Kill'd and wounded 80 of their men without any considerable Damage to himself: And immediately Laying him Aboard on the Bow, after half an hours Dispute, Entered his Men and made him Yield; Carrying his Prize miserable Shattered and Torn, to the Admirality of all the People: The Dutch having Lost 140 Men, besides 86 Wounded: And the English Losing but Nine, and Fifteen wounded, amongst whom the Captain himself was Shot under the Left-Eye by a Musquet Shot, but is in good hopes of Recovery.

Tune of, *Digby's Farewell.*



Come all you brave Sea-men of Courage so free,  
Come lend your attention and listen to me,  
For here is good News that is late come to Town  
Which is for your Credit, and Englands Renown,  
Obhate Captain Harman 'tis now I must tell,  
Who near unto Cadiz behav'd himself well  
And taught a Dutch Captain whose name is de Wit,  
To know he had Valour, and made him submit.  
The Tiger from Tangier to Cadiz made way,  
Whereas the de Wit, the Dutch Admiral lay,  
But soon as the Dutchman our Frigate esp'y'd,  
They straight into Port with all diligence hi'd;  
Whiche caused the Spaniards about fey to say,  
He quitted his Station and durst not to stay;  
Whereat the proud Dutchman did fume and did fret,  
And wish in his heart that they never had met.  
Then taking advise of young Evertson straight,  
A Challenge he sent with the Tiger to fight,

To regain his Honour if so it might be,  
The which was accepted immediately,  
His Ship with stout Seamen he then double Man'd,  
And thought that our English was meery Trappan'd,  
But in the conclusion he found it not so,  
They paid him his Reckoning before he did go.  
Two hundred and seventy Men he had there,  
And but half so many the Tiger did bear,  
Of brave English hearts, and of Courage most free  
That scornd to be dounted in any degréé:  
Then up they did come within half Pistol shot,  
Their Broad-sides they fired, and Men went tot' h' pot,  
Whil'st all the whole Town did come out to behold,  
And see them Encounter with Courage most bold.  
With Broad-sides of Bullets and Shot that was Bar'd  
We quickly disabled de Wit's Top-mast Yard,  
And Fourscore men they had wounded and slain,  
Whiche made them to fret but it was bat in vain.

146  
82  
We'll show them such Valour as never was shoun,  
I'll take their Ship Prize, or I'll venture my own.

Then quickly they Grappled, and then the dispute  
Was desperate and bloody whil's Cannons were mute,  
For half an hours space the hot Ser vice was such,  
Our Men remain'd Victors, and conquer'd the Dutch  
And then they submitted themselves to be Prize,  
Whiche all the briske Spaniards, beheld with their eyes,  
And our English Valour did highly commend,  
Since Harman had forc'd the proud Dutch fey to bend.

The Prize was so shattered and torn in the Fray,  
They scarcely could get her safe into the Bay:  
For to Harman's Honour, de Wit must confess,  
He ne're was so thumped before I do gues,  
Twill teach him hereafter more humble to be  
To yield to his betters in every degréé;  
By woeful experience he now can relate,  
What 'tis to sell Honour at so dear a rate.

Of Dutchmen one hundred and forty were slain,  
And eighty six wounded, which languish in pain,  
Of all our brave English we lost but just nine,  
And therefore we have no great cause to repine,  
Besides fifteen wounded the truth fey to tell,  
All which through God's mercy we hope will do well.  
Such Blessings the Lord has for England in store,  
We lost not much more then a man to a score.

Brave Harman who fought where the Battel was hot  
Was struck through the cheek with a chance Musket shot  
But yet there is hopes he'll recover again  
And live fey to win more Renown on the Main;  
However his Valour is highly extol'd,  
Amongst our English Worthies he shall be enrol'd  
Who fought for true Honour, glad Tybings to bring,  
How well he had serv'd both his Countrey and King.

Then cheer up brave Seamen, and Englishmen bold  
You here by this story which here I have told;  
No Seamen nor Souldiers can with us compare,  
Although they have odds yet to fight them we dare;  
Throughout the whole World a terror shall prove  
If we can continue in union and Love:  
And thus you may see by these Lines I have writ,  
How stout Captain Harman did Conquer De Wit.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Veres, J. Wright & J. Clarke.